The Washington Times
FRANK A. MUNSEY
PUBLICATION OFFICE, Tenth and D Streets

FOR A NEW PORTFOLIO.

THE CREATION OF A DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE IS DEMANDED BY PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

Mr. Carnegie's hearty indorsement of President Roosevelt's recommendation to Congress that a Cabinet Department of Commerce be created voices the conviction of the great majority of business men in this country. The leading commercial bodies of the great cities have repeatedly expressed their official approval of the plan, and have urged, in behalf of the interests they represent, the appointment of a Secretary of Commerce and Industry. The movement to this end was begun during President McKinley's Administration, and the proposition has been thoroughly argued ere this.

The tremendous growth of American trade emphasizes the necessity for a Cabinet department to advance in every way possible the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country. A shrewd, well-trained, broad-minded man at the head of such a Cabinet department could render service of genuine value.

The President's recommendation to Congress is in keeping with the decision reached by public sentiment. The commercial, financial, and industrial interests of the United States would keenly appreciate the creation of a Cabinet department devoted to their welfare. They are, indeed, entitled to ask for and to receive this consideration.

They have already asked, and the response should be favorable. Mr. Carnegie's recent interview expresses the feeling of the mercantile world. The people of the country at large, vitally concerned in the matter, will applaud the advocated enlargement of the Cabinet.

PROTECTION TO MOTORMEN.

CAR VESTIBULES SHOULD BE PROVIDED TO SHIELD THEM FROM WINTER'S BLASTS.

Now that the recent touch of winter has held us shivering in its icy hand, it would be well for us to cherish and keep warm that little dash of fellow feeling which should make us wondrous kind.

Our present predicament is one that is to be endured rather than cured. But there are some things that can be done to make life more bearable for certain classes and conditions of men.

"Still cold" is hard to bear at any time. But it becomes doubly so when the chilled air is driven by the momentum of a rapidly moving vehicle against the body and face of a person exposed to it. And to this unnecessary suffering the motormen of some electric cars, particularly on the suburban lines, are daily subjected.

This is also an annoyance to the more humane patrons of these routes, as well as to the unfortunate engineers themselves. In the old regime of horse cars it was not an unusual occurrence for kind-hearted passengers to abandon a crowded car to relieve the straining, overtaxed animals toiling with a heavy car on an up-grade. So if the compassionate withers of these good people were affected by the winces of those galled jades, there is no reason that they should remain unwrung by the distress of their fellow creatures.

Apart from the sake of humanity, too, the patrons of the companies have their personal safety at stake. No human eye can remain open when subjected to the blast of the penetrating air that is forced against the face during the rush of one of these heavy cars down the side of the hills surrounding the city. And for all purposes of avoiding obstacles and wagons from the cross roads, the car might as well be under the control of a blind man.

These facts have led to the introduction of what is known as the "half-vestibule system" on the modern cars, which is all that is necessary. Were they entirely closed and heated, the condensation on the glass would defeat the desired object. So that what is required is simply the erection of a temporary shield of glass directly in front of the motorman.

This has been done on the old cars of some lines, and as it has been found to have been of the greatest practical service, we suggest that its use should be adopted on all the others. Passengers would then feel an additional sense of security, while the motormen themselves would be enrolled in that class of people which, while living in glass houses, has yet no temptation to throw stones.

PREDICTED BY THE PROPHETS.

Did Nahum and Isaiah Foresee the Trolley Car and the Automobile?

To the Editor of The Times:

Sir: In the second chapter of the Prophet Nahum, third and fourth verses, is a curious and remarkable prophecy which describes the day of the steam and electric car and the swift-moving automobile. The prophecy reads in the revised version:

"The chariots flash with steel (Hebrew, are with fire of steel) in the day of his preparation. The chariots rage in the streets; they justle one against another (American version, rush to and fro) in the broad ways; the appearance of them is like torches; they run like the lightenings."

This description, written nearly three thousand years ago, is so exact as scarcely to need elaboration. The iron wheels of street and railway trains, rushing over the firm-bound track, flash "with fire of steel." "The chariots rage in the streets;" two lines of them, in many streets, running in opposite directions. "They justle one against another" at the car couplings and as they dash past each other. "They rush to and fro in the broad ways."

How did the prophet, familiar only with the narrow "ways" of the Israelitish capital of his time, know that modern "ways" (streets) were to be "broad?" How did he know that at night the rapid conveyances of today would appear "like torches," flaring with brilliant illumination and roll of smoke and fire? How did he know that they would "run like the lightenings," with speed incredible and flash of electricity?

The Bible is a strange book, and as ... is strange. To the ... nts no incon- ... nts. An ob- ... hose insig- ... ver been ... Assy- ... vivid ... ns it ... as ... ge shaken terribly." Everywhere, in strict accord with this brief utterance, more and more alarming become the armaments of the world, "and the spears are shaken terribly"—"men's hearts failing them for fear, for the things that are coming upon the earth." Statesmen and intelligent thinkers and observers tremble at the portentous signs of the times.

What the outcome will be only the word of God can reveal; and it does reveal fully, solemnly, clearly. It is "the day of his preparation." Preparation for what? His kingdom—that spoken of by Daniel, as the great fifth universal kingdom of earth, which again and again in the Scriptures is declared to be an everlasting kingdom.

Such is the import of the brief prophecy of Nahum. It recalls by analogy the mysterious allusion in Isaiah, lxvi:20: "They shall bring all your brethren out of all nations upon horses, and in chariots, and in litters, and upon mules, and upon swift beasts, to my holy mountain, Jerusalem, saith the Lord." "When the railway reaches Jerusalem, Messiah comes," says the Jewish proverb; and in the quotation just cited Isaiah, in his vision, sees the exiles of his race returning by all manner of conveyances, among them what he calls "karkaroth." The English version translates it "swift beasts," which is indefinite, or "dromedaries," which is certainly incorrect.

Philologists derive the word from "kar," a furnace, and "karkar," to sway, asserting that the prophet sought thus to coin a word for what was shown him in his vision, a train in rapid motion. Already "karkaroth" (the railway train) makes its regular scheduled arrivals at the "City of the Great King." The time for the return of the Jews is beginning; Messiah has come, and is coming. Indeed, so convincingly near is the grand consummation of the ages, "the times of restitution of all things," referred to in the memorable address made at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple nineteen hundred years ago by Peter the Apostle, that the world cannot accept its own convictions, cannot believe its own senses, nor will it believe until it sees the astounding, God-wrought accomplishment in the actual fact before its very eyes. I am, very truly yours,

CHARLES L. McMASTER.

Washington, December 12, 1902.

MONEY SAVERS AND THEIR METHODS.

By JOHN HARSEN RHOADES, President Greenwich Savings Bank, New York.

MANY a book might be written about the idiosyncrasies of the savings bank depositor. He is always an interesting study, for he represents nearly every variety of the genus homo. Rich or poor, old or young, by the very nature of his act of putting out his money at interest he becomes an investor and a man of thrift—a person of interest to both the philanthropist and the financier.

The passion for saving is often an acquired habit, and I have no doubt that I could pick out a number of full-fledged misers from our list of depositors, who have become so from the gradual accumulation of their original deposits. There are some people who love to hoard. They go without food and clothing in order that the entries in their bank book may grow in arithmetical progression.

At the other extreme are those who come to the bank for a pastime and regard the depositing and drawing of their money as a game, a recreation. And between these two there is a line that includes all classes, cases of jolly thrift and sorrowing poverty, of those who exult in their ownership and in their winnings, and those who eke out an existence on the scant interest their little principal earns for them.

Out on the line there is a woman with a shiny, patched dress. Her aristocratic hands are covered with gloves worn white at the seams. Too feeble to work, she lives on the plainest fare in the most humble quarters. Her obligations are met with religious punctuality, and are paid for with the pittance she draws twice a year from her interest account.

In the next room is an old Irish woman, seventy years of age. She has a draft in her hand drawn by her Dublin bank and payable in London for $1,500. The draft is probably perfectly good, but the woman cannot be identified. Lacking in education and unable to do more than make her mark, she must wait until some one not only identifies her but also identifies the draft as belonging to her.

Her story is that all her life she has labored and saved, and her money has been sent to and deposited in Ireland. And now that she is old and feeble she wishes to use her surplus earnings, and we cannot help her.

A woman appeared at the paying teller's window some time ago with a book that had been mutilated beyond recovery. Erasures had been made and entries that were so palpably false that her book was sent to me for adjustment, and it leaked out in the course of my conversation with her that she had not one but nearly a dozen pass books of accounts with different banks, all of which had been altered and disfigured by the "man" to whom the books had been intrusted. Her thousands had been stolen by the one to whom she had given her life.

A pawnbroker came to me during a run on the bank some time ago and demanded the right of drawing out his money without the customary notice, and to strengthen his case said he was not only a depositor, but a real estate owner and a borrower from us to the tune of several thousand dollars. By investigation I found that his loan was past due and demanded payment in order that we might pay him; but he preferred to keep the money in his own pocket for his "3 per cent a month" rather than pay it out on the possibility of getting it back through the regular channels of the bank.

The habit of thrift is often produced in simple ways. The wives of the great wage-earning class largely have the care of the earnings of the family. Many of them do their shopping mainly in the district in which this bank is situated. For convenience and security they deposit these earnings from time to time with the bank, and, as they make their purchases, they withdraw the money needed, so that their accounts are active, and in one sense not properly savings bank accounts; but there is always a small balance left over at the end of each six months, upon which interest is credited. Many of these people, who have never caught the idea of saving before, seeing the gradual accumulation, become possessed with the idea of increasing the amounts so deposited, and thus, in this unusual way, the habit of thrift is extended among thousands of families in this great city.

In the Public Eye.

A writer in the "Lancet" has been collecting facts about the life of King Edward, which cause it to appear that Tuesday is a fateful day in the career of this monarch. Here are some of them:

Tuesday, November 9, 1841, his majesty was born; on Tuesday, January 25, 1842, he was baptized; on Tuesday, March 10, 1863, he was married; on Tuesday, December 8, 1863, he was appointed a member of the privy council; on Tuesday, November 21, 1871, it was definitely ascertained that he had contracted typhoid fever; on Tuesday, February 27, 1872, he attended the public thanksgiving service for his recovery; on Tuesday, January 22, 1901, he succeeded to the throne; on Tuesday, January 29, 1901, the royal standard was hoisted at Marlborough House for the first time, and on Tuesday, June 24, 1902, his majesty underwent an operation for perityphlitis.

President Ingalls, of the "Big Four," writes a hand which it takes a mind-reader to decipher. One day he was riding over a division of the road and came near a hogpen, the odor from which was vociferous. He wrote a letter to the farmer who owned it, complaining of it as a nuisance. The farmer could make nothing of it except the signature, and showed it to an agent of the road, who could not read it, either, but said it looked like a pass. The farmer proceeded to use it as such, and made several trips over the road before conductors discovered that the letter was a protest.

Miss Louise Wilkins is the only woman in the world who is a practical gold miner. She has been in the business for several years, and has found, opened, developed, and sold five gold and two copper mines in Arizona and Chihuahua. From three of her mines she has taken in nearly $200,000.

CHILDREN.

The sleeping echoes of her quiet room
Are never waked by bursts of childish glee,
And up the polished staircase never come
Light patterings of footsteps swift and free.

Alone she sits and in the twilight gloom
Dreams happily of what shall never be!

Sometimes her wistful fancy strews the floor
(Rich carpeted and neat) with broken toys;
Paints finger prints on window glass and door,
Hears echoes of shrill laughter and rude noise;
All that a tired mother might deplore
Would seem to her starved heart as priceless joys!

Till, from the world without, some sudden note
Of childish voices through her vision rings,
And sobs of anguish rise to her white throat,
Round which no dimpled arm in mischief clings;
Gone are the sweet dream-fancies, as may float
From earth to heaven the flash of angel wings.

And yet, no little empty crib is there
To mock the mother arms, outstretched in vain,
She hoards no shining tress of silken hair,
No tiny grave where buried hopes lie slain;
Only the deeper loss she has to bear
Upon whose heart no babe of hers has lain.

—Ida Goldsmith Morris, in Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Unconsidered Trifles."

The Retort Contemptuous.

"You all don' know the difference between turkey an' buzzard!"

"My deah sir, I plead guilty to that. I most assu'edly don't. I cannot compete with yo' in that branch of experience. I nevah tasted bussa'd in my life."

* * *

Disastrous.

When the woman with a past meets the man with a future the unfortunate consequence is apt to be that the woman's past entirely swallows the man's future.

On the Reservation.

Indian father, after hearing the college yell of his son:

"Umph! You learn that at college?"

Son, proudly, "Yes."

"Good! White man got some sense; teach boy war-whoop."

Definite Description.

"Johnny, it isn't tobacco sauce, it is tabasco. Now, don't let me hear you calling it wrong again."

"No, mamma."

Two hours later at dinner: "Mamma, I want some of that—that—that red-headed sauce that makes you mad."

An Unfortunate Error.

"See here," cried the walking delegate, as he entered the editor's office in a blue flame of rage, "do you understand that if you speak of the union in those terms you will lose the labor vote for your party?"

"Wh-what?" asked the editor in a bewildered way.

Then his eyes fell upon a paragraph in the paper which was intended to refer to the delegate as having great influence over the masses, but which read: "Mr. Pozzens' eloquence will doubtless have great effect on them asses."

HUMOR FOUND IN THE DAY'S EVENTS.

Should Have Obeyed the Adage.

"BETTER be off with the old love before you are on with the new" is a time-honored adage which Charles Ingersoll, of Avon, Conn., would have done well to respect. But he failed to do so, and, in consequence, was arrested at the instance of Miss Esther Scranton, just as he was about to be married to Miss Cornelia Post. This was embarrassing enough. But there was more to come, for the delayed bridegroom was held until he compromised Miss Post's damaged heart claim, it is said, by a payment of $5,000, and then, only, was he able to leave the restraining hands of a deputy sheriff and go instead to the embrace of his bride. All of which might have been avoided if Mr. Ingersoll had but obeyed the traditional injunction quoted above.

Worthy of Simple Simon.

EVIDENTLY under the impression that all American banks were consolidated into one gigantic financial trust, Bridegroom Washer, of Morris Plains, N. J., gave a $5 check to the clergyman who performed the wedding ceremony, a $7 check to a dressmaker in payment for the bride's gown, and, when both checks came back, explained that his funds were deposited in another bank, but that he thought his checks were good on any bank as long as his account was not overdrawn in that one. His explanation is believed to be sincere. Plainly, Mr. Washer needs a wife to look after him, if his simplicity in this instance furnishes a fair sample of his general average of intelligence.

He Should Profit by the Lesson.

HAVING now taken part in a "fake" duel, which he believed to be real, and been led to think that he had slain a fellow-student, G. Volgney Howard, of the Colorado State University, is happily cured of his thirst for blood, let us hope. When he and Eugene Dawson exchanged shots on "the field of honor" there were no bullets in the pistols, but Eugene fell, and a towel soaked in beef's blood was shown to Howard. All that night the poor fellow paced the floor of his room, cursing himself for a murderer, and not until the next morning did he learn the truth. It was a good lesson—and the "duel" idiocy should never afflict G. Volgney Howard again.

Shrewd Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

MR. AND MRS. MARK SMITH, of Terre Haute, Ind., constitute a bridal couple whose common sense is above reproach. They had agreed to insure their lives for one another's benefit, and when Mr. Smith, himself an agent for the insuring company, explained that he would lose the commission on her policy if she waited until after the wedding, his sweetheart at once consented to immediate insurance. Just as the examining physician had reported favorably on the young woman and the policy been issued a justice of the peace was called in and she was united in matrimony to Mr. Smith. These two persons will get along in the world all right.

The Way of Justice Bowers.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE BOWERS, of Basking Ridge, N. J., conducts his official business on a delightfully economical basis. The other Sunday his ancient constable, David Moffett, arrested a man for shooting rabbits on the Sabbath. Dave called up the justice by 'phone and explained the case to him. Squire Bowers then heard the prisoner's story over the wire. "You're fined $20 and costs," he said, and the hunter paid the amount to the constable and went his way. There's a model proceeding for you!

"OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END."

Innocuous Reading.

Count Tolstoy has a new project on hand. He contemplates editing a series of school books, some of which he himself will write. Everything which can arouse patriotism, ambition, or admiration for success will be excluded. What an interesting time the youthful readers will have with those books!

* * *

An Amusing Blunder.

The "London Athenaeum" comments on the density of the average British mind in regard to the Continental Catholic name of Marie as borne by men. It has found an example of this in a recent catalogue of a great London firm, describing certain miniatures. One of them is entered as follows:

"Marie Andre Chenier, the poetess (1762-94) in white robe with a shawl over her shoulders."

The "Athenaeum" adds:

"Now, there were two poets of the name, both Maries—brothers. Who the lady of the portrait may be we know not, but it may be confidently asserted that she was not Andre Marie nor Marie Joseph."

* * *

Old-Time Football.

Somebody has dug up out the archives of the past a description of the game of football as it was played in 1583, which indicates that either the players of today are examples of atavism or that those of the sixteenth century were far in advance of their age. It also indicates that human nature is much the same at one time as at another. The description, written by Philip Stubbes in his work on "The Anatomie of Abuses," is as follows:

"For as concerning Foot-Ball I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendly kinde of fight than a play or recreation; a bloody and murthering practice than a felowly sporte of pastyme. For dooth not every one lye in waight for his Adverserie, seeking to overthrow him and to picke him on his nose, though it be upon hard stones, so that by this meanes sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their armes, sometimes one part thrust out of joynt, sometimes another; sometimes the noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out—fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel, picking, murther, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience dayly teacheth."

In the Courts and Capitals of the Old World

Regents Portrayed on the Stage—King Leopold of Belgium Shown in Many Scenes of Doubtful Credit to Himself, But Is Not Offended—Mikado of Japan Equally Indifferent—Sharper Line Drawn in England, France, and Germany.

In no less than three Belgian theaters King Leopold is being at the present moment portrayed on the stage in a manner so uncomplimentary that it would inevitably bring about the prosecution of both management and actors on charges of lese majeste were anything of the kind to be attempted in Germany.

At Liege, in the Flora Theater, a piece entitled "La Fetards" (which may be roughly translated as "The Profligates") is being being given, in which King Leopold is put upon the boards, and all the most questionable episodes of his life, and especially his intrigues with the so-called "Queen of the Congo" and other ladies of similar repute, are represented in a way calculated to hold the Belgian monarch up to the obloquy of all respectable people. The authorities attempted to interfere, but found that they could do nothing save expel from Belgian territory as "undesirable foreigners" a couple of French actresses who filled minor roles in the piece, and whose places were immediately taken by Belgians.

Now, in Brussels, at the Scala Theater, there is a species of "revue" in progress, during the course of which the popular Belgian comedian, Crommelynck, appears, made up as King Leopold in such a way as to present a most amazing likeness, with long gray beard, slightly lame walk, and the peculiar stoop of the shoulders, in fact, the very image of the King.

Within a few minutes after his coming before the footlights another actor dressed as a police commissary, appears and intimates to the comedian that he must at once stop "taking off" the sovereign of the land. Crommelynck thereupon snatches off his beard and hat, and declares that Belgium is a free country, where the people have a right guaranteed by the constitution and by the national laws to criticise or to praise anyone as they like. The police official is forced to admit that this is true, and then joins Crommelynck in singing a lot of verses in which King Leopold is roundly abused for his treatment of his daughter, Stephanie, and his neglect of his wife—the reference to Stephanie being greeted with cheers in her behalf on the part of the audience—while toward the close of the song, satisfaction is expressed at the escape of the King from the bullet of Xubino, and, at the same time, hopes that the attempt made on the King's life may lead him to alter his ways.

Crommelynck then resumes his long gray beard and the guise of his monarch, at whom he continues to poke fun and criticism throughout the piece.

Leopold has, likewise, had a good deal of fun made of him on the Parisian stage, especially in those annual "revues," which are just as much the theatrical way of celebrating Christmas on the banks of the Seine as the pantomime is in the case of the theaters in London. In particular, ridicule has been poked at him in connection with his alleged admiration of Cleo de Merode, and, indeed, he is made to figure in all these scenes that represent the more gay and questionable phases of Parisian life.

He himself has not taken any exception thereto, and, owing to this, there has been no interference on the part of the authorities. Indeed it is his cynical indifference to these attacks made from the stage upon the morality of his private life and his apparent readiness to be amused at the sight of the portrayal of himself on the boards of Parisian playhouses that have led the people of the French capital to regard his indiscretions with an indulgent eye, and to refer to him as "Ce Bon Leopold," or sometimes "Cleopold," a nickname given to him on the banks of the Seine in consequence of his patronage of Cleo de Merode.

Leopold shares with the Emperor of Japan the distinction of being the only living sovereign who has been ridiculed on the stage. It is said that when Gilbert and Sullivan first produced the "Mikado" at the Savoy Theater in London, they made inquiries at the Japanese legation as to whether any objection would be raised in that quarter to its performance. The minister attended a rehearsal, and not only enjoyed it keenly and declared that he had no objections to offer, but even went so far as to give to Sir Arthur Sullivan and to Gilbert a number of points with regard to the costumes and stage settings. Moreover, he was present with the members of his staff in one of the boxes on the opening night. This was a wise course to take, and it is very doubtful whether the Japanese Emperor's dignity or prestige has in any way been impaired by the performance of the "Mikado" in nearly every big city of the world.

The Sultan of Turkey is a far less sensible and up-to-date potentate than his brother sovereign, the Emperor of Japan. For, both in Paris and in Berlin, he has successfully invoked the assistance of the judicial and police authorities to stop the production of plays in which he was ridiculed and assailed. Some months ago, too, a clerk of the Turkish consulate general in London, who lived down Clapham way, and who learned by mere chance that a blood and thunder melodrama, in which the Sultan was made to appear, was drawing quite large houses, reported the matter to the Turkish ambassador. The latter complained to the lord chamberlain, who immediately proceeded to threaten the management to withdraw its license and to force it in consequence to close its house unless the play was immediately withdrawn. It was a great hardship for the management, which in its small way had spent a considerable sum of money in staging the piece. But there was no alternative but to obey, and the play was withdrawn.

The most recent English sovereign that I can recall as having figured on the English stage with the sanction of the crown has been King Charles II, in the play in which Nell Gwynne is the heroine. In Germany I have once seen Frederick the Great represented on the stage, and in Austria, Sardou's play, dealing with Emperor Ferdinand, who reigned at the beginning of the last century, are the nearest approach to anything of the kind that I can recall.

Even in Paris dramatists are a bit shy about writing plays in which modern royalty figures, and managers equally reluctant to produce them, since all crowned heads are not as indifferent to being portrayed on the stage as King Leopold of Belgium, and neither playwright nor manager wishes to run the risk of having his play stopped by the French authorities.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

WATTERSON ON REED.

The Kentucky Editor Pays Tribute in the "Courier-Journal" to Maine's Dead Statesman.

Whilst the merrymaking of his friends went round and round in the banquet hall below, from a darkened chamber above, the soul of Thomas Brackett Reed was wafted to God! It was as he himself, could he have given the word, had ordered it. He possessed a great Byronian nature, all the vices and all the virtues of a gentleman; and, tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, he was born and bred, as was Sargeant Prentiss before him, in the State of Maine!

Mr. Blaine was much that Mr. Reed was. But Mr. Blaine was sprung from Cavalier stock, as it used to be called, Mr. Reed from Puritan; and, for all his audacity, Mr. Blaine was a far more prudent politician than Mr. Reed. Yet there was no duty in life, from playing Republican Czar to a lot of obstreperous Democrats in Congress, to the gentlest offices of the fireside, which this Yankee Titan did not fill to the brim. Brave to the last degree—the courage of self-possession—the courage of endurance—the sublime patience of the man who knows that he can always fight and is not in the least afraid his fight will get away from him—he carried in his heart a god-like peace, a broad, generous toleration, a fine, beautiful instinct of humanity.

He was a dozen Presidents in himself. He scorned the gaudy trappings. He disdained the vulgar insigna. He could stand his ground against a myriad of bullies—bullies his equals, many of them his friends, all of them mistaken as to him and his ruling—but he could not get down to the self-abasement of putting the Presidency of the United States into the category of a commodity to be dickered for. So, he stepped down and out: a radical, undoubting Republican; who could not be anything but a Republican if he tried; a Maine Republican dyed in the wool; a Czar but not a hypocrite; incapable of double-dealing, or double-seeming.

The people in affection called him "Tom." No one ever thought of calling him so to his face. Like the great Corwin, who, next to Lincoln, would have made the greatest President from 1861 to 1865, he was only "Tom," to the public. It was partly his wit, partly his humor, for the people—the far-away, much-deceived people—recognized in his public service what his familiars knew of his private intercourse; the man who loved his fellowman; the unbought advocate of the many; the natural friend of the lowly and the poor who "letteth not his right hand to know what his left hand doeth."

There are some things even better than the Presidency. The great Speaker of the House—wearing the mantle of Blaine without any of its shreds and patches—perfectly understood what he was doing when he surrendered to his own heart. That heart beat true to his party—he was not willing to fight against it. It beat true to his little brood at home—a poor man, he knew not when he might be taken away. It seemed time to be laying by something for a rainy day. He was timid only in love. He was a coward only in fidelity. The very cavalier of cavaliers; the Prince Rupert of Republicans; yet, as we said before, he was born and bred in the State of Maine—a Yankee of the Yankees—like millions of other noble, God-fearing men and women—sprung from that ark, and, shall we say, covenant, fitly named The Mayflower?

It is impossible to undertake a cold analysis of this man with the grief of his taking off putting all other thoughts aside. We shall not attempt it. Big of brain and big of body, big of heart and big with the joy of living, he impressed himself upon the nation. He was by no means democratical in his private walks and ways; a picker and chooser of his company; not in the least effusive as to his personal outgivings; always self-contained, always self-respecting, yet—beneath the rock-ribbed exterior—a man every inch of him—loving the good things of the earth earthy, like the rest of us, self-indulgent to the point of duty, never beyond it; sublimated in nothing; with a wit which, if it sometimes scorched, was ever ready to kiss the place to make it well!